

The Earl of PEMBROKE's SPEECH
IN THE

House of Peers,

When the Seven L O R D S were accused of *High-Treason.*

My L O R D S,

YOU know I seldom make Speeches, yet (my *Lords*) every thing would live; and now I must either find a *Tongue*, or lose my *Head*. I am accus'd for *sitting here*, when your Lordships fled to the Army. Alas, my *Lords*, I am an old Man, I must sit; You may ride or run any whither, but I am an old Man. You voted them *Traytors* who left the House, and went to York; They told us then they were forc'd away by *Tumults*; Do not You say so too? Were they *Traytors* for *going*, and am I a *Traytor* for *staying*? 'sdeath, my *Lords*, what would you have me do? Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have served you seven years; what have you given me, unless part of a *Thanksgiving-Dinner*, for which you made me *fast* once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the King's Cost twice every day, (long before some of you were born) and this King continued, nay, out-did his *Father* in heaping Favours upon me: yet (for your sakes) I renounc'd my Master when he had most need of me; voted against him, swore against him, hired Men to fight against him: I confess, I myself never struck at him, nor shot at him; but I pray'd for those that did: I gave my Tenants their Leaves *Free*, if they would rise and resist the King; And yet, my *Lords*, after all this, must I be a *Traytor*? Have I not sworn for you over and over again? You sent me on your Errands to Oxford, to Uxbridge, to Newcastle, to Haddenby; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King; you made me carry a world of *Propositions*, I brought them all safe and sound; what you bad me say, I spake to a syllable; and had the King ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission I should not have told him; and yet, my *Lords*, I am an old Man. Remember how I stuck to you against Strafford and Canterbury; some of ye shrank at Strafford's Trial, that your Names were like to be posted with Malignants; and for Canterbury, many of you would have had him *live*; my Lord of Northumberland and others would have no hand in his Blood: But I gave ye the *casting voice*, which sent him packing into another World; and yet now would ye send me after him? Have I not sat with you early and late? When the *Parliament* tumbl'd, and toss'd, and roll'd it self, on this side, and on that side, still I was for the *Parliament*; Though I staid here with the *Presbyterian Lords*, yet when You return'd I was firm for you. All the other Lords left you in the House when Sir Thomas's Chaplain gave thanks for your return: but I staid and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an *Independent* as any of ye all. I rejoic'd with ye, fasted, sung *Psalms*, pray'd with ye, and (hereafter) will run away with ye. Nay, I had done it now, but who knew your minds? if ye meant I should follow ye, why

did ye not *wink* upon me? Think ye I could run away by *Instinct*? My *Lords*, you know I love Dogs, and (tho I say it) I thank God I have as good Dogs as any Man in *England*; Now, my *Lords*, if a Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him be gone; if I call him and he comes not, then I beat him: but him for not coming when I never c you'll think me mad; 'sdeath, my I a *Dog* is not worth the *whistling*.

But perhaps my fault is not meerly being active in your absence, bec Robes and Collar of SS's I brought him, the Commons new Speaker. What did? is not Mr. Pelham my own Cousin? your Lordships have me uncivil to my hundred? Why might not I entertain the new Speaker, as well as Sir Robert Harley intreat us to admit him? Mr. Pelham is none of Sir Robert's Cousin, and yet Sir Robert is an old Man.

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new War, that my band is to all the warrants for lifting Men and Horse; and in order therunto, I voted His Majesty should come to London. 'Tis true, my *Lords*, I did give my Vote for the King's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 't was only to come, to chuse a new Speaker. What, would ye have us dumb, and sit here like Ferrets? My *Lords*, I love to hear Men speak; and all the Lawyers told me, No King, no Speaker; that either the Commons must name their Speaker, and the King approve him; or the King name him, and the Commons approve him; no King, no Speaker; and so I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then, my *Lords*, observe the manner of his coming: The King was to come according to the Covenant; mark ye that? I was stll for my Oaths: Let him come when he will, if the Covenant fetch him, he had as good stay away. And yet Men cry shame on the Covenant; those that took it do cast it up again; and those that refuse it have given a World of Arguments that it is unreasonable; which Reasons our Assembly (like a Company of Rascals) never yet answer'd. I know, my *Lords*, many of our Friends never took this Oath, but they refused it out of meer Conscience; Shall Malignants Consciences be as tender as Ours? Why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But, my *Lords*, suppose this Oath be unreasonable; Can we do nothing but we must give Reason for it? This is as bad as the House of Commons, who, when we deny to pass any Ordinance, presently send to know our Reasons, though themselves give no Reasons for demanding ours. And so Malignants would have reasonable Oaths; only here's the difference, the House of Commons do use to demand Reasons, and Malignants desire to be suffer'd to give Reasons. My *Lords*, I love

not this giving of Reasons, though I hold the Covenant is extreme reasonable; for as some Malignants take it to save their Estates, so we give it to make them lose their Estates; both love the Estate, and both hate the Covenant. Thus, my Lords, we have Reason for this Oath, and your Lordships have no Reason to make me a Traitor while I give my Vote according to the Covenant.

As for Signing Warrants to raise a New War, I wonder you'll speak of it; Have not you all done it 100 times? How many Reams of Paper have we subscribed to raise Forces for King and Parliament? 'Tis known I can scarce write a Word besides my Name: Cannot a Man write his own Name without losing his Head? If I must give Account for what I set my Hand to, Lord have Mercy on me! I see now my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me if I were so too. Come, come, my Lords, be plain and tell me, Do I look like one that would raise a New War? I must confess I love a good Army, but if there be none till I raise it, Soldiers of Fortune may change their Names. No, my Lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the Eleven Members would have raised a War; you see they were guilty by their running away, I neither ran with them, nor with you, I do not like this running away, I love to stay by it; And whether was for War, I that staid in Town, or You that went to an Army? The Devil of Horse did I list but in my New Coach, nor used any Harness but my Collar of SS's. And will you for t's clap me in the Tower? You sent me thither six Years since but for banding a Standish, and now you'll commit me for writing my Name: What, my Lords, do you hate Learning? Can you not end or begin a Parliament without sending me to the Tower? Do your Lordships mean to make me a Lord Mayor? If I need must go, I pray you, send me home to Raynards-Castle or Durham-House, (a damnable Fire burnt my House at Wilton, just that Hour I moved your Lordships to drive Malignants out of London.) But why to the Tower? am I company for Lyons? Do you think me a Cattamountain, fit to be shewn through a Grate for two Pence? No, my Lords, keep the Tower for Malignants, they can endure it, some of them have been Prisoners 7 Years; they can feed upon bare Allegiance, please themselves with Discourses of Conscience, of Honour, of a Righteous Cause, and I know not what: But what's this to me? How will those Malignants look upon me? Nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess some of them love my Son's Company, they say he's more a Gentleman, and has Wit: s'Death, my Lords, must I now turn Gentleman? I thought I had been a Peer of the Realm, and am I now a Gentleman? Let my Son keep his Wit, his poor Father ne'er got two Pence by his Wit. Alas, my Lords, what burt can I do you? Or what good will it do you to have my Head? I am but a Ward, my Lord Say hath disposed of me these seven Years; I am no Lawyer, tho' the Littletons call me Cousin; I am no Scholar, tho' I have been their Chanceller; I am no States man, though I was a Privy Counsellor; I know not what you mean by

the three Estates. Last June the Army demanded a Release for Lilburne, Musgrave and Overton, I thought they were the three Estates. I thank God I have a good Estate of my own, and I have the Estates of my L. Bayning's Children, and I have my L. of Carnarvan's Estate; these are my three Estates. And yet, my Lords, must I to the Tower? Consider we are but a few Lords left, come let's love, and be kind to one another: The Cavaliers quarrelled among themselves, beat one another, and lost all. Let us be wiser, my Lords; for had we fallen into their Condition, my Conscience tells me we had looked most wofully.

I perceive your Lordships begin to think better of me, and I hear you would quit me if I were not charged by the Agitators and General Council of the Army. How? Agitator, s'Death, what's that? Who ever heard that Word before? I understand Classical, Provincial, Congregational, National, but for Agitator, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth three Pence: If Agitators cut Noble-mens Throats, you'll find the Devil has been an Agitator. As for the General Council, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and used to be full of Bishops; those Fellows have troubled us ever since the Apostles; I thought we had made 'em poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me? My Lords, I understand not these General Councils, those of Old, they say, were Christians, and these are Independents. What a damnable deal of Generalling is here! General Assembly, General of the Army, General Council of the Army; we never had quiet hour since we had so many Generals. Well my Lords, these are hard Times, and we make them worse with hard Words which neither we nor our fathers understood. Heretofore Bishops went faire Divins, then Elders would be faire Divins, and now Agitators will be faire Divins; Dam me, I think nothing's faire Divins but God. Call yon this a Thorough-Reformation? What betwixt the Assemblers & the Agitators, I am reform'd to meet skin and bone. My Lords, if these tayors must rule the Kingdom, why are not we our selves Agitators? why may not I make Oldswirth an Agitator? his abilities and honesty are equal to most of 'em. But, for ought I see, Agitators will sooner be Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, than we Agitators; for the Parliament leads the People, the Army leads the Parliament, Sir Thomas leads the Army, Cromwel leads Sir Thomas, Ireton leads Cromwel, Agitators will lead Ireton; whither the Devil shall we all be led at last?

My Lords, ye see I have spoke my mind; I hope every week some of your Lordships will do the like; and the Commons in this, though in nothing else, will follow the House of Peers.

But I have done, I have done, my Lords: Remember, I beseech you, I am an old Man; I have been a Grandfather time out of mind (for I was so when this Parliament began) and now must I be food for Agitators? O my Lords, I have used the King so ill, and he loved me so well; and I have served you so well, and you use me so ill, that no Man is sorry for me: Therefore my request is, That you would not think of sending me to the Tower till somebody pities me.

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